





# THE EXAMINER.

F. COSBY,  
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,  
NOBLE BUTLER,  
EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE:.....MARCH 31, 1849.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

The friends of Emancipation and Colonization propose to hold a public meeting in the town of Brownsville, Ohio, on SATURDAY, the 14th day of April next, for the purpose of taking into consideration the ways and means best calculated to promote that object.

The friends of emancipation in Jefferson county will meet at JEFFERSONTOWN, on SATURDAY, the 21st inst., to appoint delegates to the April Convention at Frankfort.

There will be speaking. Friends and opponents are invited.

**Corresponding and Executive Committee.**  
At a meeting of the friends of emancipation, held in Louisville, February 22, 1849, W. W. Worsley having been called to the chair, and Reuben Dawson appointed secretary, the following gentlemen were named as a Corresponding and Executive Committee, with power to enlarge their number and fill vacancies:

W. W. Worsley,	Wm. Richardson,
Wm. E. Glover,	Reuben Dawson,
David L. Beatty,	Patrick Maczy,
Bland Ballard,	W. P. Boone,
Thomas McGrain.	

At a meeting of the Committee, February 23, Lewis Ruffin and James Speed were added to the number. Wm. Richardson was chosen Treasurer, and Bland Ballard Corresponding Secretary.

From the foregoing notice it will be seen that a standing committee has been appointed by the friends of emancipation in Louisville. The great object of the committee will be to publish valuable pamphlets and essays for distribution through the State. From many quarters applications are continually made for facts and statistics bearing upon the subject of emancipation. Those applications, we trust, will now be fully met, and a vast amount of useful information upon this vitally important subject disseminated throughout Kentucky.

Any applications addressed to Bland Ballard, Corresponding Secretary, or Paul Seymour, publisher of the Examiner, will meet with prompt attention.

**Convention of Slaveholders.**  
Some slaveholders, writing in the Louisville Journal, have spoken of the propriety of having a meeting of slaveholders on the 19th of April, previous to the meeting of the convention at Frankfort. We consider the suggestion an excellent one, and several slaveholders have expressed to us their wish to have such a meeting called. We feel authorized, then, in behalf of slaveholders friendly to emancipation, to call a meeting of slaveholders to meet in Louisville on the 19th of April. Those who hold slaves will thus have an opportunity of conferring with each other on the course which they should pursue in regard to emancipation. The advantages of such a conference are so obvious that no remarks seem to be necessary. Let there be a full meeting.

**A Word to Friends.**  
It is very much the fashion with politicians occasionally to go through a very vague and bewildering process, technically called "defining their position." This process has come to be regarded generally with suspicion, in consequence of the remarkable fact, that the men most ready to define their position are the men who have no position to define.

We have no wish to take politicians for our guides at any time, or on any subject, and especially unwilling should we be to follow their example when the example is notoriously bad. Therefore, dear reader, have no fear that we are now about to pass through the disagreeable process to which we have alluded. We have no intention of defining our position, for we flatter ourselves that our position does not need to be defined. If that position does not define itself, it is not in our power to define it.

Our object in writing this article is to ask our readers, one and all, to do us simple justice in one respect, viz: to regard us, and not our correspondents, as the exponents of our views. We do not ask them to approve our opinions, we only ask them, when they desire to learn our opinions, to look to the editorial articles, not to communications, for information. We permit our correspondents to speak for themselves, and we take the liberty of speaking for ourselves. They speak not for us, nor for us for them.

We entered upon the task, which we well knew to be an arduous and trying one, of editing the Examiner, distrustful of our ability to do justice to the work, but with an earnest and sincere desire to do the very best in our power. We engaged in the work because we believed an opportunity offered for doing good and advancing the interests of humanity. Our hearts have always burned with freedom's fire. Freedom has ever been dear to us, dear for its own sake, and as our indelible right. As we prize it for ourselves, so we value it for others.

We believe it to be the inalienable right of others, of all, and because we believe it to be the inalienable right of all, we are grateful for the opportunity which we enjoy of expressing our honest convictions through the editorial columns of the Examiner. That opportunity we have availed ourselves of and shall continue to avail ourselves of, we trust, in all sincerity, earnestness, candor and kindness.

We have not occupied our time in proposing plans of emancipation. Such has not appeared to us to be our special work. That work, as we understand it, is to show, as well as we can, that freedom is right, in theory and practice, that slavery, in theory and practice, is wrong. In performing this work, we hail as helpers and friends, all whose hearts glow with a love for freedom, and we hope by all such to be regarded as helpers and friends.

**Mr. Clay's Letter.**  
We have read with great interest the comments which have been made upon this letter in papers coming to us from various sections of the Union. Probably no document which has appeared for many years, has been so extensively circulated and read with so much eagerness, as this letter to Mr. Pundell, or rather this address to the people of Kentucky. In the East and West, at the North and South, it has appeared almost simultaneously. You find it in papers of every class, religious and secular, Whig, Democratic, and Free-Soil, Emancipation and anti-Emancipation, and in all it is published as a document, which the editors, whether agreeing or disagreeing with its positions, regard as one of great importance and destined to wield a vast influence. We propose now to present some extracts from different papers to our readers which are possessed of interest in themselves or serve to indicate the public feeling towards the sacred cause of freedom.

for itself, and therefore, the Editor, finding no fault with Kentucky for taking sides which she thinks essential to her welfare, would have Tennessee come herself, that she should guard against any evils which Emancipation in the sister State may bring upon her.

The St. Louis Republican publishes the letter, with an allusion to Mr. Clay's philanthropy, but expresses no opinion as to its essential merits.

The St. Louis Union regards Mr. Clay's plan as objectionable and impracticable. The Richmond (Va.) Examiner condemns Mr. Clay as an abolitionist, while the Richmond Whig is much pleased with the letter, "as reaffirming doctrines and views held by Thomas Jefferson, and some of the best men in Virginia."

Thus speaks the Philadelphia North-American: "In the midst of the glittering dayspring of a new Administration, full of rich promises of the brightest felicity to the republic, there suddenly flashes upon the Western horizon, and rises to the zenith, not lost in the brightness of dawn, an aerial splendor which attracts the eyes of the country, and will speedily attract those, as well as the admiration of the world. It is the Zodiacal light of a new and great act of virtue on the part of one, an old public servant, whose career, long, and useful, and distinguished, has always been replete with such acts. It is the blaze, perhaps the last, but the greatest blaze, of the genius, the philanthropy, the statesman-like wisdom and patriotism of Henry Clay. The phoenix dies, as it is reborn, in flames. The patriot of Ashland, cannot sink away obscurely, like a common man, or one who has but a common love for justice, for humanity, for his country. He rises himself for one more great effort in the cause of his fellow-men, and that effort is even greater and nobler one than he has ever made before. His last years are to be as glorious as his first."

The New York Evening Post speaks of the letter as follows: "Mr. Clay's Letter on the subject of emancipating the slaves of Kentucky is one of the most remarkable documents of the time. We regard it as among the most convincing of the various indications which meet the eyes of those who attentively observe the course of public affairs, that the institution of slavery, which has grown so rankly for many years past, and exerted so mighty an influence, has already begun to decline."

"Mr. Clay is not a reformer; he is a politician; he is one of that class who attentively observe the state of public opinion, and who do not mean to put their own popularity to unnecessary hazard by the suggestion of measures which the people are likely to reject. The letter is written with abundant caution, in the most persuasive manner of one who has studied the art of persuasion, yet not without a certain decision. It proposes a specific plan for the extinguishment of slavery in Kentucky. Nobody can object, we think, that this plan is impracticable one, so remote is its commencement, so gradually are all the steps taken, and such complete provision is made against giving any offense to inveterate prejudice. Even the most violent part of the plan, and the part which will meet with the strongest objections in some quarters, that of transporting to Africa the slaves who shall become free by the effect of the plan, seems to us perfectly practicable."

The Pennsylvania Freeman after speaking of the publication of Mr. Clay's letter as an important incident in the progress of the cause of freedom, as a testimonial of the advance which that cause has made, thus continues: "Thus far we are gratified with Mr. Clay's Letter, but no farther; and in justice to it, to ourselves, and to our voiceless clients, the victims of his tyranny, we must now speak of its other features. Its spirit is that of unmitigated selfishness, and the inhumanity of its proposed remedy for slavery, is only surpassed by slavery itself. Such a letter could never have emanated from a magnanimous mind or generous heart—How it contrasts with the allusions to slavery by Jefferson, and Wythe, and Washington, and Patrick Henry, and Lee, and Pinckney, and Luther Martin, and Rush, and Franklin, and Gerry, and Ellsworth, and some of the early statesmen of his own State; with the spirit of Chatham, and Clarkson, and Buxton, and Wilberforce; and with the political papers of Lamar-tine, toward the unhappy sufferers from slavery—or regard for their rights. Had it issued from the heart of a stone instead of a human bosom it could not have been more cold, or pitiless. It speaks of the hundred and ninety thousand colored people of Kentucky as though they were all subordinate to the pleasure and the prejudices of the whites. It proposes a scheme under the name of Emancipation, which is in fact but a modified system of slavery, and the cold heartlessness with which it urges that measure makes one shudder to read it."

The National Era, Washington, D.C., speaks at considerable length. Our space will permit us to quote only the ensuing paragraphs: "There can be no doubt that the Letter separates Mr. Clay from the class of ultra slaveholders, and places him in the ranks of Emancipationists. Its tone is very different from that of his unfortunate speech in the Senate, 1839, when he declared that the legislation of two hundred years had sanctioned and sanctified negro slavery. The spirit of that speech was essentially pro-slavery; the spirit of this Letter is anti-slavery. We do not therefore agree with those who think that he stands on precisely the same ground now, that he occupied nine years ago."

"It must be remembered, too, that this demonstration is made in disregard of the policy of his own political friends, and of the action of both the great parties of his State. The pro-slavery tactics of the Democrats had driven the Whigs to take ground against all agitation of the question of Emancipation. Even the Louisville Journal, always devoted to the interests of Mr. Clay, had arrayed itself against the Emancipationists. The Legislature, under the influence of party reasons, had unanimously condemned all projects of Emancipation. In the face of these strong indications of the will of the dominant powers in Kentucky, Mr. Clay deliberately takes his stand against Slavery, and in favor of Emancipation, thus throwing the whole weight of his influence in favor of the Emancipationists, who, from whatever motives, were seeking to rescue their noble State from a dire curse. For this, we honor Mr. Clay; and no disappointment, no mortification we felt on reading the details of his scheme of Emancipation, shall prevent the expression of our approbation in this respect."

"Again: Mr. Clay recognizes the identity of the human race, its equality in natural rights, the wrongfulness of Slavery, its inconsistency with the professed principles of this Republic; and he thrusts aside, as unworthy of serious notice, the sophistical arguments in behalf of Slavery, which have been in vogue of late years in the South. This will do good in the slave States. It indicates clearly enough that the worthy spirit there is yet unimpaired 'with the winds of Slavery.' His influence will lead an additional sanction to the sound principles thus endorsed, among the reflecting, sober-minded people of the South, and we shall trust to the intrinsic force of those principles to work out their legitimate results in a way very different from that indicated in this Letter."

for itself, and therefore, the Editor, finding no fault with Kentucky for taking sides which she thinks essential to her welfare, would have Tennessee come herself, that she should guard against any evils which Emancipation in the sister State may bring upon her.

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**Indiana Christian Herald.**  
This is a paper just established by the Synod of Indiana, (New School) at Crawfordsville. It is edited by Rev. James H. Johnston, and published at \$2 a year in advance. The numbers we have received have given us great pleasure. They are not only filled with good selections and excellent communications, but display an enlightened and liberal spirit, and a warm christian sympathy with not only the religious, but the philanthropic enterprises of the day. The editor has no disposition to "pass by on the other side," or content himself with saying "he is warmed and filled," and shows a disposition to apply christianity to the every day life of men, from which most religious editors shrink with alarm."

We have had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Johnston for many years, and know few men for whom we entertain such respect. We know him especially as a warm hearted friend of liberty, and a contemner of that cowardly expediency, which is always afraid of injuring its influence by displaying common humanity, or venturing to think for itself. We hail the Herald as a valuable auxiliary to the cause of truth and freedom, and hope it may meet a cordial support."

**The Free Academy of New York.**  
The following account of a most interesting institution we take from "The Independent," an admirable journal lately established in New York, and which we cordially recommend to our readers. "The Independent" is edited by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven and Rev. P. Thompson and R. S. Storrs, Jr. of New York city, with Rev. Joshua Levitt as assistant editor. As might be expected it is not only a zealous but most able advocate of liberty, and as far as possible the two-faced course from the shallow conservative and cowardly civility to pro-slavery influence which disgrace too many religious journals. We are glad to learn it is meeting with a liberal support from the start—thousands of religious minds have been longing, we know, for such an organ—which can be reforming and philanthropic without contemning christianity or being too wise for the Bible."

We rejoice to see the Free Academy beginning under such auspices. Prof. Owen is known throughout the country as one of the first scholars and teachers now living, and as the author of the most popular Greek school books now in use. Many of the other Professors are also men of high distinction in their respective departments."

The plan of organization is excellent, and we most fervently bid the enterprise God speed!

**The Free Academy.**  
This institution, one of the noblest of our public charities, is to be opened on Monday, Jan. 15th, for the examination of candidates. The prerequisites for admission to its privileges are, that a student shall have been a pupil in the Greek School during the month, and shall pass a good examination in Spelling, Reading, Writing, English grammar, Geography, in all the rules of Arithmetic, and in the History of the United States. Similar examinations for admission will in future take place semi-annually."

The Faculty now consists of:  
HORACE FOSTER, LL.D., Principal.  
ERNEST C. ROSE, Prof. of Mathematics.  
GERARDO DOCHART, Assistant Prof. do.  
THOMAS J. MORRIS, Prof. of History and Belles Letters.  
JOHN J. OWEN, D.D., Prof. of the Latin and Greek Languages, and Literature.  
C. WOLCOTT GIBBS, M.D., Prof. of Chemistry.  
JOHN KORMER, Prof. of the French Language.  
AUGUSTINE J. MORRIS, Prof. of the Spanish Language.  
THOMAS J. MORRIS, Prof. of the German Language.  
PAUL P. DOUGAN, Prof. of Drawing.

The course of instruction in this noble institution is intended to be on the most liberal scale, and ample provision will be made, not only to enable the student to pursue any particular branch, in reference to his future calling, but to obtain a complete classical and scientific education as is furnished in any of our colleges or universities. We look upon the Free Academy as one of the most important institutions in our land, and shall watch its incipient operations with great interest, as upon the wisdom and efficiency of its faculty, and the manner in which they enter upon their highly responsible labors, will depend in no small degree the character and usefulness of the institution for years to come."

The edifice stands on Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third street. In respect to the size and plan of the building, we have copied by permission from the "School Architecture," an excellent work published by A. J. Barnes & Co. of this city.

"Its length, exclusive of all projections, is 125 feet, and the breadth 80 feet. The height to the eaves, 65 feet, and to the top of the gable, 100 feet. The height of the towers is 110 feet. The building is divided into a basement, three stories, and a great hall, which occupies the entire basement is nine feet in height, and arched to afford ground for exercise in bad weather. In it are also the janitor's lodgings, the chemical laboratory, and the closets for the hats and cloths of the students. The first, second, and third rooms are divided into four great rooms by two wide square halls, which are carried through the centre of the building longitudinally and transversely. Two of these rooms on each floor are great hall, and the rest are smaller. Above three stories is the great hall, 125 feet long by 60 in breadth, divided by the king and queen posts of the roof, which are made ornamental, in the manner of the ceiling of the dome of St. Peter's. It is lighted by windows at the ends, and by dormers in the roof, and when finished, will probably be the largest and finest collegiate hall in this country. The expense of the building, without the great hall, will be \$450,000."

The projection of this magnificent public work, originated with the Board of Education, who applied to the Legislature, in January, 1847, for authority to establish the Academy. This was granted, as passed, May 7th, 1847, providing that the question should be submitted to the people at a general election. The result of the vote was triumphant; out of 22,813 votes, 19,404 were in favor of the scheme."

**WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.**—A letter from Washington says that Com. Ballard, Captain Montgomery and Lieut. Taylor, have been ordered by the secretary of the navy to the command of the Washington navy yard.

**Pro-Slavery and Humanity.**  
We have been somewhat surprised with one objection very frequently and vigorously presented of late against emancipation, viz, its inhumanity. Some of the advocates of slavery have become quite pathetic in deploring and bewailing the cruelties which, under any scheme of emancipation, the poor blacks will be compelled to endure. Husbands will be torn from wives, parents from children, brothers from sisters, and a train of woe, unimagined and unimaginable, will follow, at the very thought of which the heart freezes with horror."

In reading these gloomy and fearful predictions, we have sometimes almost envied the prophets from whom they proceed; for, in the exercise of their remarkable power of penetrating futurity and discerning, as with eagle's eye, its many dark evils, they seem to be raised far above the present, or at least above all its clouds and gloom. To their view is never presented a pang of pain and woe, in chains and wretchedness, wending their way Southward. To their eyes never come the cries of anguish from slave mothers whose daughters have been rudely torn away. They never see the aged slave father, as he stands upon the levee and gazes with fearful, despairing eye upon the steamship which is carrying far from him the son, whom the God of love has bound to him by affection's tender yet adamantine ties. From all such sights and sounds they have the privilege of being exempt. This privilege we unfortunately possess, who cannot rise so far above the present as to discern only the future, are denied. For in the present has clouds as well as sunshine—cries of agony as well as bursts of joy. We are, unhappily, so short-sighted as to be unable to see in the majestic presence of slavery those beautiful and winning features, that that expression of deathless love, which make its patriarchal countenance so venerable and attractive to all humane opponents of emancipation. We feel ourselves obliged to believe that, even under the dominion of this sovereignty, who regains more as a parent than a monarch, whose sceptre is the emblem of love more than of power, sometimes is permitted that aversion of the sacred ties of nature and affection, which is to be fearfully characteristic of all emancipation schemes, and which renders all those schemes so unutterably repulsive to the benevolent hearts of slavery's lovers and advocates. In truth, we have been so extremely unsuccessful in our researches that we never yet have found in the state-books of a single slave State a recognition of slave marriage as a sacred relation, an inseparable union. We have heretofore supposed that slaves, in all the relations of life, whether as husbands or wives, parents or children, were entirely at the mercy of their owners, and that mercy sometimes is found, like the tender mercies of the wicked, extremely cruel."

"Stop," says the opponent of emancipation, "I know very well that the power possessed by masters is sometimes abused, terribly abused; but such instances are exceptional, and by no means universal or characteristic of the slave system." You admit that abuses sometimes occur, in consequence of the irresponsible power possessed by the master; you admit that sometimes parents and children are torn asunder and the sacredness of home violated. Do you not then also admit that these abuses should be guarded against and prevented? "Certainly, I do." Then we recall upon you by your humanity and kindly compassion, by your reverence for the slave institution, which you regard as an essence loved and only by accident repulsive, and which you are bound to render as attractive as possible, we call upon you, by your solicitude for the slave whom you would snatch from the talons of the cruel emancipationists, to show the sincerity of your philanthropy by instant and earnest efforts to guard the slave hereafter from the possibility of the abuses which you deplore. Consistency, as well as humanity, requires you to labor to put limits to that power which you admit is liable to abuse. Consistency, as well as humanity, requires that you labor to have the marriage relation among slaves protected by law and sanctioned by religion. Consistency, as well as humanity, requires that you labor to prevent by law the breaking up of families, the violation of the sacredness of home. Consistency, as well as humanity, requires that you should labor to enforce upon masters the duty of educating morally and intellectually every slave child. If you believe that the painful associations of slavery are merely accidental, then it is your duty to tear off from your beloved institution all such associations, and let it exhibit its own character, in all its intrinsic loveliness. If you will only enter upon this work, and with the earnestness which its importance demands, we assure you that no obstacles will be thrown by cruel emancipationists in your way. Few of them have yet become so hardened as to desire to remove any of their fellow beings from the protecting care of an institution, which, not content with guarding its subjects from all wrong, earnestly labors to secure to them the enjoyment of every right."

**History of Chivalry.**—Mr. J. J. R. May. This volume belongs to the series entitled "Bibliothèque de la Jeunesse Chrétienne," published at Tours. The series consists of two or three hundred volumes, of various sizes, from 8vo to 18mo., beautifully printed, and illustrated with steel engravings. Mr. J. J. R. May has several works belonging to the series, several of which we have examined, with a great deal of pleasure. This history of Chivalry is an exceedingly instructive and entertaining work. It gives a very satisfactory account of the customs and ceremonies connected with this remarkable institution. Few more interesting books could be put into the hands of the young student of the French language. We present a few extracts, which tend to show that no labor is in vain degrading. The sons of the most noble knights, while preparing themselves for the duties of chivalry, performed such services as are now considered "menial," without considering themselves at all contaminated. Men had not arrived at that pitch of refinement which would lead them to wish rather to see their sons "drunk in the gutters," than to see them engaged in performing "menial services." Here is an account of some part of the training which was undergone by the candidate for the honors of chivalry.

"The young juvenile, after having received the blessing of his parents, left his father's castle, and proceeded to the castle of his patron. There he was admitted into the rank of pages, or valets. The services to which he was subjected in this character had nothing in this character which could lower or degrade; it was to render service for service, and at that time men did not know the refinements of a delicate more subtle than judicious, which would have refused to render to him who was generally willing to hold the place of father, the services which his father might expect from his son. The functions of these pages were the ordinary service of domestics about the persons of their master and mistress. They accompanied them in the chase, in their travels, in their visits or walks, executed their messages, and even waited upon them at table, and poured out for them to drink. Always respectful, and with downcast eyes, the young page learned to command by obeying, and to speak well by keeping a deep silence."

When the youth had served his time as a page, he was introduced with religious ceremonies into the state of an esquire.

"The esquires were divided into several different classes, according to the employments to which they applied themselves, namely, the esquire of the body, that is, of the person, either of the lady, or of the lord—the first of these services was a step for arriving at the second—the esquire of the chamber, chamberlain, the esquire of the equerry, the esquire of the stable, the esquire of the wine-cellar, the esquire of the pantry, &c. The most honorable of all these employments was that of esquire of the body, called for this reason the esquire of honor."

"In this new State of esquire, which was ordinarily reached at the age of fourteen, the young page, approaching nearer to the persons of their lords or their ladies, admitted with more confidence into their conversations and their assemblies, could profit still more by the models according to which they were to form themselves. They used greater application in studying them, in cultivating the affection of their masters, in seeking the means of pleasing noble strangers, and other persons, who composed the court which they served, in doing what was properly called the honors to the knights and esquires of every country who came to visit the court; in short, they redoubled their efforts to appear with all the advantages which can be given by the grace of person, by an obliging reception, by politeness of language, by modesty, wisdom, and discretion in conversation, accompanied by a noble and easy freedom in expressing themselves when there was need. The young esquire was for a long time learning this art of speaking well when, in the character of esquire, he was standing at repasts and feasts, occupied in cutting the meats with suitable propriety, address, and elegance, and in having them distributed to the noble guests by whom he was surrounded. Other esquires had the care of preparing the table, of furnishing water to wash, they brought the dishes of each service, watched over the pantry and the wine-cellar. They paid constant attention that nothing might be wanting to the assistants. They furnished water to the guests to wash after the repast, removed the tables, and finally arranged everything for the assembly which followed, and for the amusements in which they themselves took part with the damsels in the suite of ladies of high rank. Afterwards, they furnished the spices, or sugar-plums and comfits, the claret, the pimento, the hyposcra, and the other drinks which concluded the feasts, and which were taken on going to bed. The esquires accompanied the strangers to the chambers appointed for them, which the esquires themselves had prepared for them."

From these various services, which were only the introduction to another that demanded more strength, skill, and talents, they passed to that of the stable. This consisted in the care of horses—an occupation which was necessarily noble in the manners of a warlike nobility who fought only on horseback. Skillful esquires trained the couriers for all the uses of war, and had under them younger esquires whom they caused to pass through an apprenticeship to this exercise. Other esquires kept the arms of their masters always clean and shining for the moment, in which they should be needed. And all these various kinds of domestic service were united with military service."

**Mr. J. V. Cowling** has a cheap edition of the works of this popular writer. Any one may now have in his library the "Christian Philosopher," "The Sidelong Heaven," and the other works of Dr. Dick, every page of which is full of interest.

A public meeting of the citizens of Woodford, residing in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, was held on Saturday, the 17th. A preamble and series of resolutions, in favor of incorporating the provisions of this law of 1833 in the new constitution, and of giving the Legislature power to set upon the subject of emancipation, and recommending Hon. T. F. Marshall as a candidate for the convention, were adopted.

The friends of emancipation in Boone County have made call through the Covington Journal for a meeting to appoint delegates to the meeting at Frankfort. In their call they say: "We, therefore, friends of Emancipation; irrespective of political party, deploring the injuries which the institution of slavery has already inflicted upon the prosperity of our beloved Commonwealth, and desiring to co-operate with the friends of the cause in other parts of the State, do propose to our fellow citizens of Boone County friendly to the cause, to meet in convention at the Court House in Burlington, on next County Court day, (Monday, 2d of April), for the purpose of making a formal declaration of sentiment, and for taking such steps as to the meeting may seem proper in order to give direction and efficiency to our action and energy to our counsel."

**Mr. CLAY.**—Hon. Henry Clay arrived here yesterday on the 21st, and took lodgings at the Gal House. He seemed in good health, though rather thin, and in the enjoyment of his usual placid and pleasant spirits. He leaves to-day on the Sea Gull, for Frankfort.

We understand it was Mr. Clay's intention when he arrived here, to decline the public dinner tendered him by our citizens, but he has not positively done so—and he may yield to the wishes of his friends here to spend his next birthday (the 12th of April) with them.

**EX-PRÆSIDENT POLK** arrived at New Orleans on the 21st, and his reception by the citizens was quite handsome. The Mayor welcomed him to the hospitalities of the city in a brief address, to which Mr. Polk responded in a few words of thanks. There was a procession, firing of guns, and a dinner. He received the visits of the citizens on Thursday, the 22d, and departed that evening at 7 o'clock.

**Mr. FENIMORE COOPER** has in press, to be published in a few weeks, "New York, Past, Present and Future," in two volumes, octavo. This work, we understand, is to comprise a general and elaborate review of the social and political history of the State, the origin and nature of its institutions, the influence of her people upon the national character. Mr. Cooper has also on the eve of publication a new romance, under the title of *Sea Lions*.

**CATHOLIC HISTORY FOR CALIFORNIA.**—The *Journal du Hautes études* states that a bishop is about to be nominated for San Francisco, the increased immigration to California having induced the Holy See to make this provision. The dignity will be conferred upon a French ecclesiastic, who will proceed to San Francisco, accompanied by several missionaries.

**ANOTHER CALIFORNIA WONDER.**—It is stated on the authority of a letter to New York, from San Francisco, that a spring has been discovered near San Francisco, which possesses the peculiar property of coloring leather to a beautiful jet black. The leather to be colored is allowed to remain in the water for about six days. Other materials are probably affected in like manner though no experiments have as yet been made.

**FIRE IN CINCINNATI.**—We learn from the offices of the mail boat that on Sunday morning about 4 o'clock a fire broke out in the auction store of Cooper & Hunt, on Fifth street near Market street, and before it was checked, the inside of the building, together with its contents, consisting of furniture, and the store stock of H. Childs, adjoining, were consumed. The damage to the property and the loss of goods is estimated at about \$12,000. The mail boat was at Lawrenceburg upon when the fire broke out, and the pilot saw the light very distinctly.

**THE YAZOO WHIG** of the 16th comes to us in mourning for the death of the editor, Mr. M. N. PREWITT. The Whig will be continued for the benefit of the deceased family.

**THE MEMPHIS PAPER** says that the storm at that place on the night of the 19th, was the most violent ever experienced in that latitude.

**Plan of Emancipation and Colonization.**

To the Editors of the Examiner.  
Having occasion to spend a few days at this place, on my way east, and seeing the article I sent you from St. Genevieve, published in your paper of last Saturday, I take the liberty to send you another on the same subject, detailing some what the plan to which I therein referred.

The plan I suggested, and which I would commend to the people of the United States, as being perhaps, the least that we can do for the heretofore wronged black man, and the best we can do for ourselves and for posterity, is, in addition to sending, with their consent, large bodies of colored emigrants to Africa, with the view of breaking up the slave trade on the African coasts, of civilizing and of christianizing that dark and benighted people, to ask Congress to make a grant of land, immediately west of the Rocky Mountains sufficient in extent to support from five to ten millions of people; say a district of country four hundred miles by three hundred and fifty. The territory might be granted on conditions somewhat like the following, viz: The grant or district of country should belong to, and be under the control of the free blacks, who should go from this country and organize a government, the negroes now free might emigrate at once, and as fast as they may be able to obtain their freedom for that purpose, the government to be formed there, though substantially independent, should be strictly in accordance with the principles of this government, without the power of changing it. This new government should sell to no one more than one hundred and sixty acres of land, and then only for actual settlement, and should only grant them permits to locate and settle on forty acres, and protect them in their possession so long as they should occupy and pay taxes on the same, but in no case give them the power to sell and transfer until they should first pay into the treasury of the State, the government price for said land at the time it was located. The government should have no power to form treaties, declare war, or make peace with foreign nations; should have no Ministers or Consuls at foreign courts, but should be included in, and protected by the arrangements and negotiations of the government of the United States, with the various governments of the world. After the first five or ten years, the people should protect themselves against Indian invasions, but up to that time the government of the United States should render such aid as might be necessary.

The expenses of this new government being small, an adequate amount of revenue could easily be raised by direct taxation; and with the proceeds of sales of public lands, (until a certain amount, at least, should accumulate,) should be appropriated to the creation of a fund for educational purposes.

All disputed questions of authority, or power under the grant, should be settled by the Supreme Court of the United States; and any powers not conferred by the grant, which should be desired by the government, might be brought before a Congress of the United States, by petition from said government, and then acted upon; but Congress should have no power to legislate for, or over them, except at their own request, made known in a constitutional way. The United States should reserve the right to run through said Territory, railroads, canals, military roads, and public highways, without let or hindrance.

The above are some of the conditions I would suggest for the government, or grant to which I have referred. There are many more suggestions which might be added, but, as the subject would necessarily undergo a thorough discussion, it is unnecessary now for me to write them, or for you to print them, or for the public to read them. My great object has been to suggest some of the outlines of a plan, leaving the minor details for wiser and more experienced heads to supply.

There are several grave considerations moving to some such measures as I have suggested above, and among the first, is, that we have a population of nearly or quite 3,000,000 of slaves, whose numbers are constantly increasing, and for aught we can tell, will continue to increase so long as matters remain as they are; and the second consideration is, that the sentiment of the slave States, and of the civilized world, is beginning to call for a change; and the third consideration is, if any change takes place, (and change seems inevitable) what shall it be? What shall be the consequences to the whites, to our families, now and hereafter? And what shall be the consequences to the blacks whom we would permanently benefit and bless? These considerations demand serious and candid thought.

If these 3,000,000 of slaves are to be emancipated and all retained in our midst, it seems to me that we cannot provide, as their interests will require, either for their temporal comforts, their intellectual improvement, or for their moral elevation and well-being; and besides, the influence upon our own families, and especially upon our children, would, in my judgment, be detrimental to our highest moral, intellectual and physical improvement. The project of sending all the negroes to Africa, as soon as they are set free, I regard as impracticable, unwise, and unjust.

I would encourage emigration to Africa, in great numbers, of such as are in some degree fitted to accomplish the objects of such emigration; but while this great work is going forward I would establish a colony or nation of free blacks on our own Continent, to be called *Africopolis*, or some other good name, to which all free blacks might go.

Should such a colony be established, I have no doubt there are from twenty to forty thousand men and women now free, and who would be at once set free for the purpose of such emigration, who would go within two years, organize a government and commence a settlement. However tardy the States might be in adopting systems of emancipation, yet, I have no doubt there are multitudes of generous hearts throughout all the slave States, who would at once manifest their willingness to go to such a colony, and would also furnish them the means to start, in that new home.

I may be over sanguine, but I cannot but think that, if such a measure as the above should be adopted by this government, and good faith promptly carried out, in twenty-five years there would be a population of from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 of people in that now wilderness, well educated, well-ordered, religious, prosperous and happy.

**For the Examiner.**  
A mechanic said to me the other day, "I am going to California." "What," said I, "is your reason for leaving Kentucky?" He replied, "I am driven off by slave labor—I cannot compete with it. I offered to work for Mamma—for a certain sum. They laughed at me and said they could hire negroes for a third of the money. They have hired a rough carpenter and will expend about ten dollars on his year's clothing. I cannot keep myself decently clothed on less than fifty dollars a year. Now I must work as the negroes' wages, and clothe myself about as he is clothed, or I cannot live here. I shall try my fortune in California." These facts, Mamma, Editors, might be expanded into a volume. You can use them as you think proper.

**A Farmer.**  
Hon. Willis Green is a candidate to represent the Second Congressional District of Kentucky in the next Congress.

**To the Laboring Man.**

Will the laboring man in Kentucky be just to himself and his children, if, at the coming election for delegates to the convention which is to revise and amend the constitution, he votes to continue slavery?

As a humble individual of the laboring class, I answer no! Born and reared in a slave State, and having well observed the practical workings of slavery, I unhesitatingly declare that it is the first duty of us working men, the great duty to ourselves, to vote against the continuance of slavery. I know that great efforts are now made by men, opposed to emancipation, to cause us to think differently, to persuade us that slavery is our friend. May Heaven save us from such friends. Much reasoning is used to induce us to vote for this very peculiar friend. I propose to examine this reasoning and see what it amounts to.

1. It is said that the slave States are much happier, more wealthy and more intelligent than the free States.

Nothing but the use of one's eyes is necessary to show the falsity of this assertion. If it were possible for every laboring man in Kentucky to get upon a steamboat and travel from Louisville to Wheeling, and observe the difference in improvement on both sides the river, great would be his amazement at the hardness of the assertion. If, after having the evidence of his own eyes, he should believe that the slave States are richer than the free, he certainly could come to no other conclusion than that the people of the slave States are more miserly, or at least, more easily satisfied with exhibitions of wealth than any people under the sun.

As to intelligence



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## The Love of Later Years.

BY KENNEDY BARTON.

They are who deem Love's brightest hour  
In blooming youth is known:  
Its parent, tenderest, holiest power,  
After life is shown.  
When passion, chastely and subdued,  
To ripen years is given,  
And earth, and earthy things are viewed  
In light that breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth,  
Of days of cloudless mirth,  
We feel the tenderness and truth,  
Of Love's devoted worth:  
Life then is like a tranquil stream  
Which flows in sunshine bright,  
And objects mirrored in it seem  
To share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise,  
And life is like the ocean,  
Whose mountain billows break the skies,  
Lashed by the storm's commotion;  
When lightning marks the murky cloud  
And thunderbolts around us,  
'Tis then we feel our spirit bowed  
By loneliness around us.

Oh, then, as to the seamen's night  
The beacon's twinkling ray  
Surpasses far the lustre bright  
Of summer's cloudless day:  
E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts  
In manhood's darkest years,  
The gentle light love imparts  
Mid sorrows, cares and tears.

Its beams on minds of joy best  
Their freshness brightness fling,  
And show that life has somewhat left  
To which their hopes may cling:  
It steals upon the sick at heart,  
The desolate in soul,  
To bid their doubts and fears depart,  
And point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power,  
O'er spirits touched by time,  
Oh! who shall doubt its love's true hour  
Of happiness sublime?  
In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam,  
Which dazzles and sweeps by:  
In later life its splendor seems  
Linked with eternity!

## A Chapter on Odd People.

'Yes, sir,' said Dr. Johnson once in reply to a remark of Boswell; 'every man who has brains is eccentric, because he sees and thinks for himself, and if he did not, minds would be all cut with compasses, and no rational man could endure society.'—Doubtless the levitation of literature, as both friends and enemies called him in his day, had learned, by means of his proverbial love of 'a good talk,' how much social life is enlivened by occasional obliquities of taste, and even of judgment.

'Defend me from pattern ladies and men of rule!' was the petition of rather an unruly poet, in which many who are not poets will be found to concur, for there seems a natural association between dullness and uniformity. Yet the widest deviations from received ideas, as regards external matters, are not always made by the ablest thinkers. All the world has heard, and probably by this time got tired, of the eccentricities of genius. They have been largely reported, and still more largely imitated, particularly those of the discreditable kind, since it was found out that great wit was allied to madness. Numbers who could never reach the former have adopted the latter as its nearest relation, forgetting that they were affecting only what had disgraced their betters, and too frequently that which would have disgraced any grade of mind.

But the age for such affectations, even of the harmless order, is past; eccentricity is now known to be one of the liabilities, not the consequences, of genius, and has been most prominently displayed in those who had no genius at all.

These smoothing-down days, and peculiarities appear above the surface more rarely than they did in less polishing times; but uncelebrated oddities may still be encountered in every by-way and corner of life. The upland hamlet, the rural village, or the small country town, can generally boast a Miss or Mr. Whimsy of its own, whose out-of-the-way sayings and doings will return among the pleasures of memory to some of its scattered denizens in far-off scenes and years. Even in great cities, where the perpetual throng of changeable currents of business and society are calculated to wear away the angularities of minds and manners, it is wonderful in what perfection they still exist.

The first Charles Matthews used to describe three meagre brothers, all men of business in New York, who always had their garments made double the fitting size, in order to save time and trouble in their respective corporations should increase, an occurrence which appeared probable to them alone. The residents of another busy street in that same western city, about twenty years ago, may recollect an old man whose whims were still more remarkable.—He was a bachelor with a decent income, and, strange to say, no miser, though he lived utterly alone, acted as his own attendant in every department of housekeeping, and never admitted a single feminine assistant, as his special ambition was to be what he called independent of women. There were those who said the old boy had been alighted or aggrieved by some of the sex in his younger days; perhaps the story originated only in conjecture, but the advocates of women's rights and mission would have been astonished at the legion of wrongs he could muster up when denouncing female tyranny, under which he affirmed the whole creation groaned. No misfortune, great or small, ever happened to any man within his knowledge, which he could not trace, by a more elaborate process of reasoning, to some female hand. And one of his chief doctrines was, that no man could admit one of the fair, (by courtesy) within the walls of his domicile, and escape absolute slavery.

To preserve his own liberty, therefore, this original philosopher, superseded the ladies in actual service, from stitching shirts to making tea. He is said to have acquired extraordinary proficiency, particularly in the former art, and always boasted to his friends that he was an independent man. Lingering in the state of celibacy are popularly believed to be more addicted to eccentricity, than the wedded of mankind; on which belief a minutely ingenious philosopher once suggested the inquiry, 'Whether being single was the cause of their singularity, or vice versa.' Certain it is, that the special characteristics of the New York bachelor could exist in no other condition; yet it may be hoped that all the single are not singular, especially as some odd actors are occasionally found among the doubly-blessed.

I knew a married lady, whose peculiar taste in dress formed the standing topic of conversation to the fairer portion of a country parish. She had been an heiress in a small way, and could, therefore, command some of the sinews of fashion; but she said no milliner should ever dictate to her, for she had an original fancy, and would not be put in uniform. This resolution she kept with the zeal of a patriot; never was the regimental issue of costume more defied than in the cut of her garments, while the boasted originality was displayed in an arrangement of colors, and an adaptation of materials, which set at naught all toilet regulations. Her favorite winter attire was a white flannel cloak lined with scarlet. She delighted in tartan boots; and when I last heard of her, she had just horrified the ladies of the neighborhood by trimming her bonnet with broadcloth. Perhaps the most ordinary and unobtrusive form of eccentricity is favoritism with regard to certain articles. There was a man of rank some years ago in Paris, known to his acquaintances by the sobriquet of 'the shoe gatherer,' from his habit of heaping up boots and shoes, new and old, till a large room in his residence was necessarily set apart for the purpose of containing them; and he was said rarely to have passed a shop of the kind, without ordering home an additional supply.

A clergyman of my native village, took a similar delight in wigs; and a hundred and fifty 'time defers,' as a London wit designated those articles, were sold by auction on the good man's premises after his death.—The rarest instance of this description I ever knew was that of a farmer whose enthusiasm rested on pots. He bought them, large and small, on every possible pretext, to the confusion of the kitchen-maid and the annoyance of his helpmate; till the latter having a small taste of the Tartar in her composition, at length declared war against pot metal, and eventually won the day so far, that, on her husband's occasional visits to the nearest market town, she was wont to shout after him the following adjuration:—'Mind, bring no pots home with you!' Her injunction was generally obeyed, for the lady might not be provoked with impunity. But when a supernumerary drum warmed the farmer's fancy, it would sometimes revert to the ancient channel, and he has been known to deposit a pot or two at a neighboring cottage, as the dread of probable consequences occurred with the sight of his own chimney smoke.

Some persons are eccentric in their curiosity, and a troublesome kind of oddity it is at times to their neighbors, as they are apt to ask all manner of inconvenient questions. A family dispute, a lost situation, or a failure in business, is among their chosen subjects; and by way of securing authentic information, they make a point of applying to the parties most concerned. It was a genius of this order who, when Talleyrand was dismissed from office by the Emperor, sent him a long letter explicitly detailing all the reports in circulation against him, and concluding with a polite request to be informed which of them was true. A similar character on our own side of the British Channel one day mistaking Tyne Power for a captain of his acquaintance who had just quitted the service under equivocal circumstances, seized the comedian by the button at Charing Cross, with, '—Oh, Captain Blake, I was sorry to hear it—upon my honor, I was—but were you actually cashiered for cowardice?' 'I have not the honor to be Captain Blake, sir,' said Power, still led along by the button; 'and when you meet that gentleman, I advise you not to press the question.'

'Why, said the blurt of brain, 'couldst not tell me best?' 'Ah, yes, my dear fellow,' responded Power, benevolently; 'but he might kick you.' Probably the most eccentric expression of grief recorded is that of Madame du Defand, of Walpole notoriety, who, being informed in the midst of a large party, that one of her friends had died some hours before, ejaculated, 'Hast! I shall not be able to take any supper!' Eccentric prejudices are comparatively common; one occasionally meets with individuals who regard the use of animal food as the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to; and a gentleman, formerly residing in Kent, put his confidence entirely in turnips as their universal remedy. Constitutional antipathies, or affinities, unaccountable as they are in themselves, as well as for those eccentric preferences of sights, sounds, and odors, which are otherwise inexplicable.—Persons have been known to dislike the smell of roses, and rather prefer that of garlic; others have relished the rasping of a file, and the Dutch doctor who saw nothing in all Paris to admire but the shambles, has doubtless brethren in many lands.

There are, however, peculiarities of taste which have their origin in the higher ground of our nature, and belong to minds of a finer fabric. Charles Lamb confessed that he admired a spirit, because a girl to whom he had been attached in early life squinted prodigiously; and a lady of my acquaintance once thought a club-foot interesting, from similar recollections. It is strange how seldom eccentricity takes an elevating or even an agreeable form; odd ways are rarely those of pleasantness, or peace either: though many of the world's notables have indulged in them, as stands recorded by better pens and ampler pages than mine.

It is not always genius that makes one differ from his neighbors, but some heavy strength of character, considerable obstinacy, and, at times, right royal virtues, may be found among the odd fellows of creation. One of the best-principled women I ever knew, was possessed with a restless anxiety to learn not only the Christian names of every person she chanced to encounter, but those of all their relations in the ascending line. Her inquiries, which were vigorously pushed forward in all companies, created most ludicrous annoyance to the parties interrogated, though I cannot recollect an instance of her getting beyond her great-grandfather.

It has been observed that singular tastes and habits are less frequently found among the working classes than in the superior ranks; the pressing necessities of life generally requiring the utmost exertions of the former in continuous labor, leave them neither time nor means for indulging in peculiarities. There is no scope for eccentricity in such circumstances; yet where the bent is strong, it will make room for itself. Some years ago a northern town of England, once famous in Border history, and now of some importance on one of our great railway lines, received an addition to its inhabitants, whose mode of conducting his pilgrimage through life, considering the path in which he journeyed, was something original. He was a man about thirty, tall, handsome, and of that sort of air generally known as genteel, on which point his singularity seemed to rest. The man avowed himself to be a native of London; his business was the sale and manufacture of muffs; and no one, so far as I heard, thought of inquiring after his name. He lived in a small cottage in the suburbs of the town, to which neither assistant, attendant, nor visitor was known to have been admitted. There he made his muffs, and thence he issued to supply his various customers as regularly as the English breakfast hour came round.—But no London exquisite, prepared for a lounge in Bond Street, or the Park, could fashion that, or more fashionably cut, coat, fustian hat, or more staidly lined; nor the polish of his boots to the whiteness of

his gloves he was a perfect Brummel, always excepting the basket over his arm, which, however, was ingeniously contrived to resemble that usually carried by anglers. Out of that array he was never seen in the street. How it could be obtained or kept in order, was a daily renewed wonder. People said there was a very different dress worn at the cottage; and all the tailors of the town affirmed he made his own garments, as to the business of none had he given the smallest attention. His solitary leisure was spent in cleaning gloves, brushing up matters generally, and disciplining a couple of shirts; for that morning-sally was the joy of his life, and to be occasionally mistaken for a gentleman dandy, his only aim and reward. This devoutly-wished-for consummation he attained at times, and one instance of it served as the townspeople, to whose knowledge it came, for many a day. The daughter of a respectable merchant, who had just returned from a London boarding-school, with a large importation of airs, and a profound admiration for everything showy and useless, chanced to meet the inconspicuous recluse on the first of her morning walks. The young lady came home overflowing with what she called the romantic circumstance of a distinguished young nobleman actually coming to rusticate in such a place on pretext of angling in the celebrated salmon river.—She knew he was Frederick Beauchamp, the brother of her particular friend Lady Theresa, daughter of the Earl of—, who had introduced him to her, just before leaving school. He had looked very much at her; she would bow to him on the next occasion.

True to her resolution, she sallied forth on the following day after an hour's extra dressing, and encountered the object of her solicitude on his usual morning rounds.—Miss took the opportunity of saluting him in the crowded street before two elderly acquaintances, and her nod was most gravely returned.

'He cannot recollect me, I am so much grown!' said she in a loud whisper. 'Do you know him?' inquired one of the ladies in company. 'Oh yes!' responded Miss; 'I met him frequently in London.'

'Indeed!' replied the querist; 'he has been here for two years, and they call him the Muffin-Man.'

Her neighbors avowed that, after that revelation, the particular friend of Lady Theresa, was never in a hurry to recognise distinguished-looking strangers; but with the eccentric muffin-man closes my recollection of oddities.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## Hurry and Baste.

'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly have his wit about him; and remember, that in the law there is even opportunity watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—remember never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him; he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no more, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice. Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may, indeed, almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I once day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. 'How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?' said I, as we were pacing the long-corridor, on our way from the committee-room. 'Because it's so expensive,' he replied with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you.'—*Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.*

## Peppy's Diary.

SAMUEL PEPPY was born February 23d, 1623. His father, a native of Cambridge-shire, had settled as a hatter in London. Young Peppy, after keeping terms at the Magdalen College, Cambridge (for a 'college education' was not then the expensive luxury it has since become), entered the service of Sir Edward Montague afterwards Lord Sandwich, in a semi-senatorial capacity. There he married.—Who his wife was, is to us a mystery. It is clear she was French by the mother's side, and in one place Lord Sandwich calls her 'his chosen.' Perhaps (but, no, we will not dig up a hypothetical scandal which has been dead and buried these two hundred years.) Through his patron, Peppy obtained a clerk's place at the Admiralty, towards the close of the Commonwealth. There he remained, gradually rising to places of higher trust, by the reigns of Charles and James, making by means of 'perquisites' and 'considerations' a large sum of money, which, fortunately for us, he spent on books. He left his library to Magdalen College, the now famous 'Bibliotheca Peppysiana.' We would strongly advise any of our readers who may visit Cambridge to catch one of the good-natured fellows of Magdalen, and make him show this especial lion. There stand the identical bookcases which were the pride of old Peppy's heart, containing several thousand volumes, among them a collection of ballads and broadsides unique of its kind, newspapers of the day, State documents, autograph letters of kings and counselors, old prints, in short, 'a perplexed pile of treasures, quaint and rare.'

But the chief object of interest is a diary in short-hand, beautifully penned, which Peppy commenced in 1659, and continued during several succeeding years. During his lifetime, doubtless, it was seen by no eye but his own, nor did he ever dream of its being published to the world. Hence its interest and charm for us. It fills up the blanks of history. History, like a true courtier, haunts the palace, the anti-chamber, and the bureau; but, standing on its dignity (save the mark!) does not condescend to step down into the street, or peep into the citizen's parlor. But Peppy, for his own edification, sat him down every night, and recounted the little larks and mishaps of the day—nothing so trivial (God bless him!)—how the tailor had

brought him his new suit, how the goose was underdone at dinner, how he went to the play and did not treat his wife, with the curtain lecture consequent thereupon, &c., &c. The whole man stands dagger-pointed before us. We see him conscientious and honest at bottom, yet complying with the prevalent examples of corruption, swayed to and fro by his duty to his king and his love of himself, by his resolutions of economy and his impulses of vanity, by the prejudices of his Presbyterian education, and the seductions of fashionable dissipation. Peppy and Boswell are always associated in our mind as the silly, sturd, honest, good-natured, every-day men who have written the two most readable books in the language.

Moreover, Peppy writes history in the 'dignified' sense of the word, being, in virtue of his office, a politician, and admitted behind the scenes, being, also, a personal favorite with the merry monarch, and his soured-visaged brother.

We have, also, here and there, delicious scraps of literary 'vignettes,' for he was the acquaintance of Dryden, and the friend of Evelyn (from whom, by the way, he borrowed the collection of autograph letters now in the Bibliotheca Peppysiana.)

Macaulay has been largely indebted to this library for the materials of his third chapter; though, with that rare facility peculiar to himself, he occupied only two mornings in its examination.

The diary was deciphered, some years ago, by the Rev. J. Smith, and published under the editorial care of Lord Braybrooke, who took upon him to leave out 'what he did not consider interesting.' The Reviews unanimously clamored for the rest, and accordingly this third edition contains the passages omitted in the first. The noble editor has sprinkled here and there notes smacking, indeed, of dilettantism in history, but indicating as thorough a knowledge of Debreit as Major Penderis himself could desire. The real merit belongs to the aforesaid 'Rev. J. Smith,' whose small name on the title-page is overshadowed by the tall capitals of Richard Lord Braybrooke.—*Manchester Examiner.*

## War.

Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war.—'A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by their fellow-mortals, covered with turbans. By this strange procedure, they want to know whether a tract of land to which none of them has any claim, should belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or another whom they call Czar—neither of whom ever saw, or ever will, see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other, ever behold the animal for whom they cut each others' throats! From time immemorial, this has been the way of mankind almost all over the earth. What an excess of madness is this; and how deservedly might a superior Being crush to atoms, this earthly ball—the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers.'

## Newspapers.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst.*

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulmer.*

## Ambition.

The struggles of the ambitious man produce no ultimate good to himself. It is only while he looks for something as yet within his reach, that his happiness is increased. When he attains one object that he has long desired, it ceases to yield him pleasure. It is only 'distance that lends enchantment to the view.' Worse than labor lost are the troubles, the anxieties, and the severe toils of the ambitious man. Peace and happiness are natives of the heart, and are not found in extraneous acquisitions.

## Doing Good.

In doing good, more good is always discovered requiring to be done, and this is the reward of doing it. 'Alms upon Alps arise,' and a life thus devoted becomes sublime, as it approaches His who went about doing good. What the expression, 'God said let there be light and there was light,' is in reference to the sublime of creation, the phrase, 'He went about doing good,' is in regard to the moral regeneration of mankind.—*North British Review.*

One of the most beautiful gems in oriental literature is contained in a passage from the Persian poet Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones, the sentiment of which is embodied in the following lines:

The sandal tree perfumes when ripe,  
The rose that it is low;  
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe.

## Boswell's Madrigal.

THOMAS LOGAN, 1590.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest:  
Ah, wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty flight;  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
The live-long night.  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
He muses plays if so I sing;  
He lends me every lovely thing,  
Yet craves he my heart doth eling:  
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else, I will rove every day  
Will whip you hence;  
And bid you, when you long to play,  
For mine offence;  
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast if for your sin;  
I'll count your power not worth a pin;  
Alas! what thereby shall I win?  
If he gainsay me!

What if I bent the wanton bow  
With many a rod;  
He will repay me with annoy  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bow my bosom be;  
Lest I lose mine eyes, I fear of thee,  
O Cupid! so thou stily me,  
Spare not, but play thee.

## The Regions Beyond the Euphrates.

A deep mystery hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea. With these names are linked great nations, and great cities dimly shadowed forth in history, mighty ruins, in the midst of deserts, defying, by their very desolation and lack of definite form, the description of the traveller: the remnants of mighty races still roving over the land; the fulfilling and fulfillment of prophecies; the plains to which the Jew and the Gentile alike look as the cradle of their race.

Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldea as he has left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters, or a lake-like bay; the richly-carved cornice or capital, half hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound, rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilisation, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating: desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec, or the theatres of Ionia.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

## Visit to the Shammar Tribe.

Evening set in before we could reach the desert, and we pitched our tents for the night on a lawn near a deserted village about nine miles from the town. On the following morning we soon emerged from the low limestone hills; which, broken into a thousand rocky valleys, form a barrier between the Tigris and the plains of the Mesopotamia. We now found ourselves in the desert, or, rather wilderness; for at this time of the year Nature could not disclose a more varied scene of more luxuriant vegetation. We trod on an interminable carpet, figured by flowers of every hue. Nor was water wanting; for the abundant rains had given reservoirs to every hollow and to every ravine. Their contents, owing to the nature of the soil, were brackish but not unwholesome. Clusters of black tents were scattered, and flocks of sheep and camels wandered, over the plain. Those of our party who were well mounted urged their horses through the meadows; pursuing the herds of gazelles or the wild boar skulking in the long grass. Although such scenes as these may be described, the exhilaration caused by the air of the desert in spring and the feeling of freedom arising from the contemplation of its boundless expanse must have been experienced before they can be understood. The stranger as well as the Arab feels the intoxication of the senses which they produce.—From their effects upon the wandering son of Ishmael they might well have been included by the Prophet among those things forbidden to the true believer.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

## Arab Feast.

The sheep was now boiled. The Arabs pulled the fragments out of the cauldron and laid them on wooden platters with their fingers. We helped ourselves after the same fashion. The servants succeeded to the dishes, which afterwards passed through the hands of the camel-drivers and tent-pitchers; and at last, denuded of all apparently edible portions, reached a strong party of expectant Arabs. The condition of the bones by the time they were delivered to a crowd of hungry dogs assembled on the occasion may easily be imagined.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

## Sheikh Sofuk.

When Mehmet Reshid Pasha led his successful expedition into Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, Sofuk was amongst the chiefs whose power he sought to destroy. He knew that it would be useless to attempt it by force; and he consequently invited the Sheikh to his camp on pretence of investing him with the customary robe of honor.

He was seized and sent a prisoner to Constantinople. Here he remained some months until, deceived by his promises, the Porte permitted him to return to his tribes. From that time his Arabs had generally been engaged in plunder; and Nejriss, the son of Sofuk's uncle, having appeared as his rival, dissensions arose in the tribe which obliged Sofuk to apply to the Pasha of Mosul for aid, and accounted for the presence of the white tents of the Hytas in the midst of his encampment.

The system of patriarchal government, faithfully described by Burckhardt, still exists as it has done for 4,000 years, in the desert. Although the Arabs for convenience recognise one man as their chief, yet any unpopular or oppressive act on his part at once dissolves their allegiance; and they seek in another a more just and trustworthy leader. The chief can only govern as long as he has the majority in his favor; when if his ascendancy is great and he can depend upon his majority he may commit acts of bloodshed and oppression, becoming an arbitrary ruler; but such things are not forgotten by the Arabs or seldom in the end go unpunished. Of this Sofuk himself was, as it will be seen hereafter, an example.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

## Characteristic Epitaph.

Some years ago there lived in the Island of Zakko, formed by the river Khabor, and in a castle of considerable strength, a Kurdish Bey of great power and influence. Whilst his resistance to the authority of the Porte called for the interference of Mohammed Pasha, the reports of his wealth were no mean incentive to an expedition against him. All attempts, however, to seize him and reduce his castle failed. The days of the chief were spent in war and plunder, and half the country had claims of blood against him. 'Will no one deliver me from that Kurdish dog?' exclaimed Mohammed Pasha one day in his Salamlik, after an ineffectual attempt to reduce Zakko; 'By God and his Prophet, the richest cloak of honor shall be for him who brings me his head.' Ibrahim Agha, who was standing amongst the Pasha's courtiers, heard the offer and left the room. Assembling a few of his bravest followers, he took the road to the mountains. Concealing all his men but six or eight in the gardens outside the

small town of Zakko, he entered after nightfall the castle of the Kurdish chief. He was received as a guest, and the customary dishes of meat were placed before him. After he had eaten, he rose from his seat, and advancing towards his host, fired his long pistol within a few feet of the breast of the Bey, and drawing his sabre, severed the head from the body. The Kurds, amazed at this unparalleled audacity, offered no resistance. A signal from the roof was answered by the men outside; the innermost recesses of the castle were rifled, and the Georgian returned to Mosul with the head and wealth of the Kurdish chieftain. The castle of Zakko was suffered to fall into decay; Turkish rule succeeded to Kurdish independence; and a few starving Jews are now alone found amongst the heap of ruins. But this is not the last deed of daring of Ibrahim Agha. Sofuk himself, now his host, was destined likewise to become his victim, for a year afterwards his career was brought to a close. The last days of his life may serve to illustrate the manners of the country, and the policy of those who are its owners.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

## Sofuk.

In a month Sofuk found himself nearly alone. He sent his son Ferhau with a few presents, and with promises of more substantial gifts in case of success, to claim the countenance and support of Nejb Pasha of Baghdad, who promised to send a strong military force to the assistance of Ferhau, to enable him to enforce obedience among the Arabs. The measures taken by Nejb had the effect of bringing back a part of the tribe to Sofuk, who now proposed to Nejriss that they should meet at his tents, forget their differences, and share equally the Sheikhship of the Shammar. Nejriss would not accept the invitation: he feared the treachery of a man who had already forfeited his good name as an Arab. Sofuk prevailed upon his son to visit his rival, as he hoped through his means to induce Nejriss to accept the terms he had offered, and to come to his encampment. Ferhau refused, and was only persuaded to undertake the mission after his father had pledged himself by a solemn oath to respect the laws of hospitality. He rode to the tents of Nejriss, who received him with affection, but refused to trust himself in the power of Sofuk until Ferhau had given his own word that no harm should befall him. His reception showed at once that he had been betrayed. Sofuk rose not to receive his guest, but beckoned him to a place by his side. Ferhau trembled as he looked on the face of his father; but Nejriss, undaunted, advanced into the circle and seated himself where he had been bidden. Sofuk at once upbraided him as a rebel to his authority, and sought the excuse of a quarrel: as Nejriss answered boldly, the occasion was not long wanting. Sofuk sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, threw himself upon his rival. In vain Ferhau appealed to his father's honor, to the laws of hospitality, so sacred to the Arab; in vain he entreated him not to disgrace his son by shedding the blood of one whom he had brought to his tents. Nejriss sought protection of the uncle of Sofuk; but he was one of the most treacherous and bloodthirsty of the Shammars. Upon this man's knee was the head of the unfortunate Sheikh held down, whilst Sofuk slew him as he would have slain a sheep. The rage of the murderer was now turned against his son, who stood at the entrance of the tent, tearing his garments and calling down curses upon the head of his father. The reeking sword would have been dipped in his blood, had not those who were present interfered. The Shammar were amazed and disgusted by this act of perfidy and treachery. The hospitality of an Arab tent had been violated, and disgrace had been brought upon the tribe. Sofuk having attempted to justify his treachery, Nejb Pasha pretended to be satisfied, and agreed to send out a party of irregular troops to assist him in enforcing his authority throughout the desert. The commander of the troops sent by Nejb was Ibrahim Agha. Sofuk received him with joy, and immediately marched against the tribe; but he himself was the enemy against whom the Agha was sent.—He had scarcely left his tent when he found that he had fallen into a snare which he had more than once set for others. In a few hours his head was in the palace of the Pasha of Baghdad. Such was the end of one whose name will long be remembered in the wilds of Arabia; who, from his power and wealth, enjoyed the title of 'King of the Desert,' and led the great tribe of Shammar from the banks of the Khabor to the ruins of Babylon. The tales of the Arab will turn for many years to come on the exploits and magnificence of Sofuk.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

The middle of March in Mesopotamia is the brightest epoch of Spring. A new change had come over the face of the plain at Nimroud. Its pasture lands, known as the jaf, are renowned for their rich and luxuriant herbage. The plain, as far as the eye could reach, was studded with the white pavilions of the Hytas and the black tents of the Arabs. Picketed around them were innumerable horses in gay trappings, struggling to release themselves from the bonds which restrained them from ranging over the green pasture. Flowers of every hue enameled the meadows; not thinly scattered over the grass as in Northern climates, but in such thick and gathering clusters that the whole plain seemed a patchwork of many colors. The dogs, as they returned from hunting, issued from the grass dyed red, yellow, blue, according to the flowers through which they had last forced their way.

The heats of summer had now commenced, and it was no longer possible to live under a white tent. The huts were equally uninhabitable, and still swarmed with vermin. In this dilemma I ordered a recess to be cut into the bank of the river, where it rose perpendicularly from the water's edge. By screening the front with reeds and boughs of trees, and covering the whole with similar materials, a small room was formed. I was much troubled, however, with scorpions and other reptiles, which issued from the earth forming the walls of my apartment; and later in the summer by gnats and sandflies, which hovered, on a calm night, over the river. Similar rooms were made for my servants. They were the safest that could be invented, should the Arabs take to stealing after dark. My horses were picketed on the edge of the bank above, and the tents of my own workmen were pitched in a semicircle behind them. The change to summer had been as rapid as that which ushered in the spring. The verdure of the plain had perished almost in a day. Hot winds coming from the desert, had burnt up and carried away the shrubs; flights of locusts, darkening the air, had destroyed the few patches of cultivated land; and had completed the havoc commenced by the Arab. The Abbad Salman Arabs, having struck their black tents, were now living in ozaills, or sheds, constructed of reeds and

grass along the banks of the river. The Shammar and Jehah had returned to their villages, and the plain presented the same uninvited and desolate aspect that it wore in the month of November. The heat, however, was now almost intolerable. Violent whirlwinds occasionally swept over the face of the country. They could be seen, as they advanced from the desert, carrying along with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevailed during their passage, which lasted generally about an hour, and nothing could resist their fury.—On returning home one afternoon, after a tempest of this kind, I found no traces of my dwellings; they had been completely carried away. Ponderous wooden frames, which had been borne over the bank, and hurried some hundred yards distant; the tents had disappeared, and my furniture was scattered over the plain. When on the mound, my only secure place of refuge was beneath the fallen lion, where I could defy the fury of the whirlwind; the Arabs crouched from their work and crouched in the trenches, almost suffocated and blinded by the dense cloud of fine dust and sand which nothing could exclude.—*Layard's Nineveh.*

The Old Melodious Lay.  
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.  
I love the old melodious lay  
Which softly melts the ages through,  
The song of Sappho's golden days,  
Arcadian Sisyphus's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours,  
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the daisy showers,  
And drink with glad still lips the blessings of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untamed age,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march, through storm and strife are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or shatter shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unassuming eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line of fate,  
Our common word of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair of brighter hopes to find.